

# A Stranger in the Family Picture

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The image still haunts Wanda Kaczynski. She can still see the photograph of her baby son, pinned down on his hospital bed. It offered what she now sees as a clue into how her oldest son grew into the troubled man he would become.

He was terrified, spread-eagled so doctors could examine what they believed was a severe allergic reaction. His naked body was blotched with hives. His eyes, usually normal, were crossed in fear.

A tiny woman of 79 behind heavy eyeglasses, Wanda Kaczynski dwells on the memory as she tries to explain her son, Theodore John Kaczynski, 54, and the path that led him to a Montana jail cell, where he is being held as the main suspect in a string of bombings linked to the Unabomber that killed three and injured 23 others over the course of 18 years.

She knows that many children endure early wounds and go on to be well-adjusted. But over the years, as the Kaczynskis tried futilely to help Theodore find a normal life, they kept looking for a cause for his anger and pain. Wanda Kaczynski always came back to his week-long hospitalization as a 9-month-old infant.

She has sought refuge in psychological theories of infant trauma, hypotheses about hospitalizations between 6 and 14 months of age, knowing these conjectures may seem a slim peg on which to hang so much tragedy.

"I ponder endlessly over it," she said in her first interview since her son was arrested April 3 as the Unabomb suspect. "What could I have done to keep him out of the wilderness? What could I have done to give him a happier life? And yet there were so many happy, wonderful times with the family," she said. "I just don't, I just don't know."

This is the Kaczynski family's torment. They talk about it now as they try to save the oldest son from a possible death penalty and themselves from unbearable anguish. The Kaczynskis were bookish, a bit odd to their working-class neighbors, but inside the four walls of their suburban Chicago saltbox, a battle to understand Ted went on for years.

The effort became more disturbing as Theodore Kaczynski slipped deeper into the wilderness, forbidding family visits, sending his mother and brother letters more angrily abstruse, until finally lapsing into a silence he keeps today.

Though at times he seemed like a normal child – well-behaved, attached to his family – every so often he would shut down, refusing to speak or make eye contact, staring downward, out of reach. Why did he have so few friends? Why no girlfriends? Up in his attic room, what was he thinking?

"I would try to draw Ted out. What's bothering you?" I would ask him," his mother said. "I don't know whether he knew himself what was bothering him. All he knew, I think, is that he felt rotten."

His mother used lemonade and cookies to lure neighborhood children, hoping Ted would make a friend. When his father saw Theodore's violent reaction to a rabbit killed during a hunting trip, he gave up the sport. When his son left home, they wrote letters, sent money, begged him to visit.

But they never seriously considered psychiatric help. That was for the rich, the elite. Maybe no one can remember the stigma, but Wanda Kaczynski can. People back then often said the key question about a troubled child was, "Did he kill little animals?" That wasn't Ted. "He cherished them, he took care of them. He was upset if they were hurt or caged," she said. "What do you say to someone: Well, he gets moody?" "

She still holds out hope that Theodore Kaczynski is not the Unabomber, though she still thinks her younger son, David, did the right thing in turning his brother over to the FBI. "I just can't convince myself that he could've done it," she said.

This week the government is expected to indict Theodore Kaczynski on charges growing out of the 1995 fatal bombing of a Sacramento timber association executive.

Wanda and David Kaczynski, 46, tried, over the course of two recent interviews with The Washington Post, to unravel the suspect as his family knew him. They spoke, accompanied by their attorney, Anthony P. Bisceglie, not to excuse Theodore Kaczynski, but so that others might see him as they do: as a sad and disturbed man, not the evil genius that has been portrayed in the media. The Baby Book

More than 50 years ago, Wanda Kaczynski had the sense that Ted's separation from her during his hospital stay had had a traumatic effect. When she took him in for treatment, Ted cried and reached for her when the nurses shooed her out. It was hospital policy at the time to keep visitors away from sick children. She was allowed to visit him only once that week. He would not look at her when she arrived and days later when she returned to take him home.

Using the third person, she wrote her observations in a baby book she kept during Ted's first year of life, a volume she recently turned over to the FBI.

Feb. 27, 1943. Mother went to visit baby. . . . Mother felt very sad about baby. She says he is quite subdued, has lost his verve and aggressiveness and has developed an institutionalized look.

March 12, 1943. Baby home from hospital and is healthy but quite unresponsive after his experience. Hope his sudden removal to hospital and consequent unhappiness will not harm him.

He was a happy baby when she took to the hospital, but when she brought him home he was limp and unresponsive, "like a bundle of clothes." She spent days coaxing, cajoling, rocking, holding, until she finally elicited some response.

A few years later, the family pediatrician showed her and Ted, then 4, the awful photograph the hospital had left in his record. Ted was pinned down so the physicians could photograph his hives. "Ted glanced at it and he looked away," she recalled. "He refused to look at it anymore. And I thought, Oh my God, he's having the same feelings that he had when he was held down that way.' "

In the years since then, child development experts have written widely about the effects of separation and trauma in the very young, but Wanda Kaczynski needed only to see the photograph to grasp how helpless her baby felt.

This showed up, she now believes, in his extreme reactions to everyday events, as well as his lifelong aversion to hospitals.

When he was about 10, his father caught a shrew in their back yard. He popped a sieve over it and called out to children playing nearby to come see. The youngsters crowded around. But Ted approached apprehensively. When he saw the trapped shrew, he screamed out, "Let it go! Let it go!" she remembered. Startled, Ted's father handed him the shrew and told him to let it run free.

Wanda had seen this kind of reaction before. "Even then, I wondered if he was having the same feelings that he did when he stood up in the crib and was crying and reaching out his arms while the nurse was pushing me out the door."

Ted was so anxious about medical treatment that once, when he and his father found an injured rabbit, he begged that they not take it to a nearby animal hospital. After freshman year at Harvard, while he was home for the summer, he contracted mononucleosis and developed a high fever. A pediatrician urged Wanda to take Ted to the hospital.

Ted was furious at his mother. "He was just so argumentative . . .," Wanda said. "And I told him, Look, We have to find out what's wrong. You have to go to the doctor.'"

Ted "shut down," refusing to talk to anyone. "It was as though a kind of veil or film would come down across his face," David Kaczynski remembered. "There was a sense that he was profoundly closed off."

The incident was one of the worst of what the family now remembers as spells of withdrawal that occurred throughout Ted's life, sometimes for no discernible reason. At times, he would stare silently at the ground, apparently lost in his own world.

Ted did not speak to his parents again until the doctor said his health had improved and he could return to Harvard.

David and Wanda Kaczynski also began to see that Ted had almost paralyzing uneasiness around strangers, a reaction, again, that Wanda traced back to Ted's childhood hospitalization when she was not allowed to stay with him through days of medical observation.

Ted even wrote about this anxiety in a letter to David. "He said that all his life he has felt a great deal of stress in the company of others except people he has known well over a long period of time. And as you know, there were only very, very few people he knew well over a long period of time. Essentially only his family, as far as I am aware," David said. *Immigrant Children*

Wanda and her husband, Ted Sr., who committed suicide five years ago, wanted badly to create good lives for their sons, both of whom were exceptionally bright and talented. The parents were children of Polish immigrants and had grown up resilient in Chicago's working-class streets during the Depression.

As a child, Wanda survived adversity when the Ku Klux Klan burned her parents' home and boys threw stones at her on her way to school. She had to drop out of high school to help support her family, but eventually earned a college diploma. Inspired by a teacher who praised her reading, she became "enamored with words" at an early age and was steeped in Shakespeare, Mann and Austen.

Wanda spent most of her life in the Chicago area, moving to Scotia, N.Y., only this year to be closer to David, who lives in Schenectady and works at a runaway youth shelter. She was interviewed in her small apartment here, its walls still bare, most of her beloved books sold to fit her belongings into tighter quarters. The sole photograph on a living room table is one of her boys.

Books and learning became ways to reach young Theodore Kaczynski. Wanda explained articles in *Scientific American*, found fossils with the boys at a strip mine and visited an abandoned archeological dig. Wanda did not worry that she pushed Ted too hard academically. ". . . I never went beyond the attention span of the child because I felt you shouldn't coerce children into learning," she said. "You can intrigue them, you can fascinate them, but you should not coerce them."

But she did worry that she tried too hard to bring him out of his shell. "I think the reason I tried too hard socially was because I was getting a lot of pop psychology from people all around," she said. "Well now, he is too bookish, he should be out playing more with children, he should be socializing more.' "

Yet outside of the family, Ted rarely connected. In nursery school at 3, the teacher told her "Ted has very strong ideas as to what he wants to do and how he wants to do it," Wanda recalled. With other children, she said, "He will play beside them, but does not want them interfering in anything he is doing."

Ted Sr. once coaxed his son into attending a scout meeting, only to see him move into another shutdown once they got there. The scoutmaster told the father it was probably best not to push. "So he came home and it was a disappointment because we were trying so hard," Wanda said. "Maybe by trying so hard we were just making him more stubborn."

Absent a social life, Ted practiced trombone and read voraciously, becoming an expert in Greek theater. At 15, he received a University of Chicago scholarship to take a summer course on the subject. He wrote a paper on the structure of tragedy.

In music, he was partial to Bach, Vivaldi and Gabrielli. He studied music theory and wrote compositions played by a family trio, with David on trumpet and Ted Sr. on piano. The three later would play record ers. These concerts were among the family's most pleasant memories. Personality Test

Theodore Kaczynski was 10, an intellectually precocious fifth-grader when the family moved from Chicago to suburban Evergreen Park. A school psychologist gave Ted a Stanford-Binet IQ test and he scored a genius level of 170. But his mother took more comfort in the results of a personality test, which showed him to be well-adjusted.

"For a while, all my uneasiness about these residual effects from his early childhood were laid to rest because this psychologist said, Oh, he is fine,' " she said. "In fact, she said he had a strong sense of security, which surprised me. . . . She said he could be whatever he wanted to be. . . . He was the cat's whiskers."

The psychologist's work was the only professional analysis the family had of young Ted's personality. They now believe that perhaps Ted was smart enough to figure out the most appropriate answers to the test and outwit it.

The school allowed Ted to skip sixth grade and move to seventh which seemed to help him fit in. But by freshman year in high school, his father noticed that Ted seemed depressed after school. He discovered that Ted was having problems with his mathematics teacher because he was correcting her errors.

The school eventually put him on a fast-track toward graduation. The theory was that if he was "among people that are more challenging to him intellectually, he will be a happier person," Wanda Kaczynski said.

There were signs of social progress. One aunt, who asked that her name not be used, recalled that Ted briefly had a high school girlfriend. The family remembers fewer shutdowns during that stretch.

And yet the odd behaviors continued. Instead of seeking professional help, the Kaczynskis learned to work around Ted's peculiarities. He hated noise, for example, so his father gave up watching the nightly television news while his son was visiting in the '70s. "When you live with someone who's unusual," David explained, "there are certain things you can do and things you can't do without creating further upset."

Ted often holed himself up in the attic at the Kaczynski house and told his mother not to disturb him, particularly when they had company. "It was his escape hatch, you know. He had everything he wanted up there; his books, his trombone and whatever else he wanted," she said.

From an early age, his opinions were rigid, almost dogmatic. At 11, he heard his mother lie to a friend, saying she could not see her because she had an appointment.

"I was just trying to spare this person some pain," Wanda said. "And so I tried to tell Ted the difference between a lie and a little white social lie. But he said, A lie is a lie and you lied.' "

He complained to his father once about people he viewed as hypocritical or materialistic. "So my husband said to him, Well Ted, you live in a society with diverse types. You have to learn how to make some compromises, show a little tolerance.' But Ted did not want to talk about it anymore," Wanda said.

The family came to see Ted as a person of "strange contradictions," who could be moody, rude and unhappy and then inexplicably pleasant and compassionate.

"I think of Ted as a young boy crying over a rabbit or the expression of concern he had about our cousin when she was injured and how I know he was certainly a person who was capable of a conscience, who was capable of human sympathy," David said. "But you had a sense that these capabilities were not integrated into a whole personality." Profile of a Son

After graduating from high school, Theodore Kaczynski fulfilled a family dream when he was accepted at Harvard on a scholarship. But his parents' pride was tempered with apprehension. How would their son, with his erratic moods, fare far from home in such a competitive and exclusive environment? Even a trip with his father to look at college campuses had triggered a melancholic shutdown.

Harvard asked parents of incoming freshmen to profile their children. Wanda wrote of Ted in the summer of 1958: "Much of his time is spent at home reading and contriving

numerous gadgets made up of wood, string, wire, tape, lenses, gears, wheels, etc., that test our various principles in physics. His table and desk are always a mess of testtubes, chemicals, batteries, ground coal, etc. He will miss greatly, I think, this browsing and puttering in his messy makeshift lab.”

He first majored in physics then switched to math, but Ted did not excel at Harvard as he had in high school. He had a B average, despite studying about eight hours a day, and felt that other students were better prepared because they had attended superior schools.

He continued to be a loner but expressed no unhappiness to his family. He wrote his mother about a woman he met his freshman year, though the extent of the relationship was unclear. ”He just said he thought she was a person I would like because she was liberal like me,” Wanda said.

He graduated in 1962 and went to the University of Michigan as a ”teaching fellow.” He taught elementary collegiate math and worked on his advanced degrees. He soared in his field, but seemed unaware of his own accomplishments. ”Ted was not one to talk about dreams or ambitions. That has almost an emotional connotation for someone like Ted,” Wanda recalled.

His dissertation, ”Boundary Functions,” easily won the Sumner Myers Prize, given annually for the best student mathematics thesis. He earned his doctorate, then won a tenure-track assistant professorship at Berkeley, at that time a hotbed of Vietnam War protest. The school’s mathematicians as a group were deeply involved. But not Theodore Kaczynski. No one remembers him expressing any political opinions. David doesn’t remember his brother ever voting in an election.

Ted focused on mathematics. ”I think he was attracted to what suited his mind and temperament. Mathematics is something that has a clear boundary,” David said. ”I’ve been sort of intrigued by the title of his thesis. It’s like he can put a limit around something and within that world he would become totally absorbed with that world.”

The Canadian Tract

Wanda remembered how Ted had always talked about the wilderness. But in 1969, without warning, he decided to make it real. He never mentioned to his parents that he was thinking of leaving Berkeley. He just went home and said, ”Well, I’m not going back.”

He told her he was tired of teaching engineers ”math that was going to be used for destroying the environment,” she recalled.

Ted and David spent the summer in Canada, looking for the right plot of land. They found what they wanted, but the purchase required that they apply to the Canadian government. One day, as they were planning to hand in their application, Ted shut down, without reason. ”I would walk up to him and say, Well, are we going to do anything today?” And there would be no answer,” David said. Ted snapped out of it the next day, and the episode went undiscussed.

Theodore lived at home with his parents from 1969 to 1971, waiting for his land application to go through. The first year he retreated to the library or disappeared

into the woods around Chicago. But then Wanda and Ted Sr. began to worry. They tried to get him to take some kind of job. There was tension. He found work gardening at a mall.

Ted would take jobs for a while, then quit. His boss would call the house and ask, "Where's Ted?" "He hadn't bothered to mention that he'd quit, David recalled.

They got used to that too. The Short Good-Bye

There was another shutdown when Canada rejected his land application. And then, as there had been several times before, an abrupt leave-taking.

Wanda, an early riser, remembers lying in bed one morning and hearing him puttering around. "The thing that gave me a disturbed feeling was the way Ted would leave," she recalled. "He didn't tell us he was leaving. We had nothing."

She went downstairs and he was going out the door. He told her there was a note for her on the table. "Aren't you going to say good-bye?" she asked, and he said something like, "Oh, it's easier this way."

She still remembers the note: You're the best parents anybody could ever have. Please don't worry about me. I just want to go my own way.

His father thought it might have been a suicide note, and they frantically wrote to David, who was working in Great Falls, Mont. By then, Ted had joined his brother there. With Ted using money he had saved and invested in certificates of deposit, they decided to go halves on buying a plot of land in Lincoln, which they purchased outright with \$2,100.

But the land was a compromise, not as remote as Ted had hoped. He had written to David that ". . . by wilderness I meant a place where our nearest neighbor would be 5 miles away."

"It wasn't going to be the kind of wilderness he wanted," David remembered. Another Shutdown

After he left, family contacts became increasingly painful for Theodore Kaczynski. The first time Wanda and Ted Sr. drove to visit him on his land, it touched off another shutdown.

They picked up David in Great Falls. "As we were driving up to the cabin, he was driving out," remembered David. They waved, confused, because Ted had known they were coming. "He had that kind of veil over his face and he held up his hand like to say, Hi," David said.

Puzzled, they eventually went back to David's apartment only to find Ted, sitting on the sofa staring and saying nothing.

"I remember my mother sitting down next to him at some point and even stroking his hair and saying, Ted what's wrong? Talk to us, let us know what's going on," David said.

By morning, Ted showed a different personality, "regaling us with all sorts of Montana myths and legends," David said.

The family had learned to normalize these aberrations, to weave them into the family fabric. Maybe, Wanda worries, she shouldn't have.



"The thing that always sort of maybe threw me off so that perhaps I didn't recognize the severity of what was going on is that he was a good kid, you know? He did everything he was supposed to in school," she said. "He had no delinquency problems. He didn't smoke or drink or lie or cheat."

But his intolerance was only growing worse. He castigated his aunt for sending a package that would not fit in his mailbox, writing her that he had to walk a mile in the snow and wait two hours for the mailman. He included the mailbox's dimensions.

And yet, to those he saw as vulnerable or social outcasts, he still showed gentleness. He wrote Wanda about befriending a drunk on a bus. He said, "Let's go in the back seat where nobody's around. We won't disturb anybody and you can tell me your story," Wanda said. "So this drunk told him about having nobody in the world but a daughter who had left some money for him in the post office in Missoula."

Ted gave the drunk a few dollars. Family Crisis

On May 25, 1978, when the first bomb attributed to the Unabomber exploded at the University of Illinois at Chicago, Theodore Kaczynski was in Montana, as best his family knew. Neither Wanda nor David remembers anything unusual in Ted's letters from that time. What Wanda does remember is the family crisis that sent Ted to the wilderness for good.

Sometime before June 23, 1978, Ted wrote saying he needed money. They told him to come work with Dad and David at the Foam Cutting Engineers Inc. plant. Ted Sr. was a manager, and David was Ted's boss. Soon after he arrived at the family home, then in Lombard, Ill., Ted had a date with a co-worker named Ellen Tarmichael. Wanda and Ted Sr. were thrilled. After two dates, Ellen lost interest. Ted, in a rage, posted insulting limericks about her at the plant. David had to fire his own brother, a predicament he now sees as "foreshadowing what I had to do later" in turning Ted in to the FBI. Ted locked himself in his room for days. At one point, Ted Sr. went to his room and said, "Ted, how could you humiliate me that way?" Wanda recalled.

When Ted looked at his father, his face was filled with "pain and despair," Wanda recalled the father saying. He "backed off right away. He couldn't add to the guy's anguish." Ted came out of the room and announced: "Well, don't worry about me. I'll be leaving."

Wanda pleaded, "Ted, please, please, don't leave now. Not now. We'll all live through this. But this is not the time to leave."

Ted came out of the room with several written pages in his hand, his attempt to explain himself. He wrote that Ellen had been intentionally cruel to him. None of them felt that was even remotely true. At the end of the missive, he repeated his insulting limerick, said David, "like he wasn't going to take it back. No matter what."

David realized his brother was seriously disturbed. "It was the first time that I felt, hey, he's not functional." Angry Letters

With Theodore Kaczynski in the wilderness, Wanda and David watched him deteriorate from a distance.

In an undated letter, Ted wrote David about his deep anger and hatred for some people. "I am forced to the humiliating confession that the reason I've never committed any crime is that I have been successfully brainwashed by society. On an intellectual level, I have only contempt for authority, but on an animal level I have all too much respect for it. My training has been quite successful in this regard and the strength of my conditioned inhibitions is such that I don't believe I could ever commit a serious crime," he said.

The longer he was alone, the angrier his letters became. It was as if the solitude only turned up the volume on his rage. And yet, people made his rage deeper. Where could he go? What kind of wilderness would soothe him?

He worked in wood. He sent his mother a letter in a handmade box, a cylinder carved from a tree limb and topped with a black raven. The first page is self-criticism: why the claws are too long, the box not quite right. But he had promised it to her, and the "contract," he curiously wrote, was fulfilled. No love in his closing, just "Happy Birthday."

He made a sewing box in 1986 for a little girl he had met in the late '70s at his parent's house. David saw "real gentleness and caring and love" in it, though now "we're aware of the ironies." The father of the little girl wrote to Ted, thanking him, saying maybe they could all get together some time. "Ted wrote back a blistering letter," recalled Wanda, saying "Who invited you?"

By 1986, the Unabomber had mailed or left 11 bombs. Some were inside intricately whittled boxes.

Ted's letters during the mid-1980s were filled with old hurts. He cited things his father had said in anger, about Ted having "the brain of a 2-year-old." Ted blamed his mother for not making him sociable enough, or for throwaway phrases she'd said in the boys' childhood. "I'd say to David or Ted, You're crazy. You're nuts.' And now Dave, it would slough off his back."

When Wanda tried to place the anger's source, she wrote to him, asking if it could be linked to the hospital experience. "He wrote a very irritated letter back saying it's all nonsense," she said. The Hang-Up

In 1989, Theodore Kaczynski reacted angrily when David wrote to Ted and told him he was planning to marry Linda Patrik, a philosophy professor at Union College in Schenectady. David had wanted Ted to be his best man. Ted had never met Patrik but said she was manipulative.

Their father contracted terminal lung cancer in 1991. David wrote to Ted, but Ted didn't visit. Ted Sr. committed suicide as the cancer worsened, but Ted Jr. didn't attend the funeral. He called his mother in the middle of the memorial service. He was loving. But when his voice thickened and he began to cry, he hung up on her.

Letters followed, warm at first, and then increasingly critical and bizarre.

The family felt that Ted was projecting his own problems into his brutal critiques of others. He could talk of a madman in the hills in one letter, and Wanda wondered,

"Is this how he sees himself?" In another letter he insisted one of David's friends was schizophrenic and sent letters detailing how David should help his friend.

But one of Ted's last letters to Wanda was one of his most revealing. It was out of character. In it, Ted listed his chief regrets: not having married, had children or a friend.

Finally, Ted stopped writing his mother. Wanda Kaczynski wrote anyway, asking to visit him. He wrote to David forbidding any more letters. "Every time I get a letter from a family member, my heart pounds and I'm going to die," Ted said.

Wanda decided to send postcards, hoping he might glance at them. They said things such as "Hope things are better."

But he wrote to David. "The whole world, the Post Office and everything, knows what's on those cards," he said. "Please, I'm getting desperate, what do you want to do? Kill me? Don't send me any mail."

So she stopped. It Can't Be Ted'

The Unabomber drifted into David's consciousness sometime in 1995 and after months of research and worry, he contacted the FBI. "My primary interest, all along, was to protect lives," David said. They also pondered if by sending Ted money, nearly \$17,000 over the years, did they unwittingly help Ted to kill?

He told his mother on Saturday, March 23. "At first I said, It can't be. It can't be Ted. First of all, he didn't have the money for all that traveling. And secondly, he hates to travel. And thirdly, I can't conceive of him doing anything like that. He's never been violent all his life,' " she said.

David wept. He paced. Toward the end, he told his mother he was very, very sorry. ". . . She immediately got up from her chair and hugged me and said that she felt just awful for what I'd gone through," David recalled. "And I can't tell you what a rush of gratitude I felt toward her in that moment."

Wanda clings to the hope that her son is innocent, but also thinks that David did the right thing. She and David hope that if Theodore Kaczynski is convicted, mental illness will save him from the death penalty.

"What's so awful, the thing that I worry about a great deal is that Dave still has many years ahead of him," Wanda said. "Sometimes I feel, Thank god I don't.' But he has many years ahead of him. And how awful it would be for him to have to live all his life feeling that he was the cause of his brother's death."

"It would be very, very difficult to live with myself," David said, "knowing that I had delivered my injured, disturbed brother over to be killed."

Wanda has sent word to Ted that she and David would like to talk to him. But she has heard nothing. At night, she cries. Her oldest son seems more lost, deep in a private wilderness she can only imagine.

Staff writer Thomas Heath and staff researcher Alice Crites contributed to this report.

CAPTION: It's 1943 in Chicago and Wanda Kaczynski holds her young son, Theodore John Kaczynski Jr. Before he turned 1 year old, Ted was hospitalized for a severe allergic reaction. CAPTION: Progeny: Wanda Kaczynski holds her first child, Theodore John Kaczynski Jr., in Chicago.

CAPTION: Solo: The young Kaczynski began showing signs that he was uneasy around unfamiliar people. CAPTION: Biker: Ted rides around the neighborhood in July 1950, but he spent a lot of time alone in his attic. CAPTION: Brothers: Theodore, 10, and David, 3. A school test showed Ted with an IQ of 170, genius level.

CAPTION: Heirborne: Father and son in their working-class Chicago neighborhood, where Wanda tried to find playmates for Ted.

CAPTION: Wilderness: The mountainous retreat in Montana claimed more and more of Theodore Kaczynski's life in the 1970s as he distanced himself from society and his family.

CAPTION: Bug: Protective of pets and small animals, Theodore endures as an insect lights on his face.

CAPTION: Archery: On a picnic in 1950, Ted Senior shows Ted Junior how to aim at targets with bows.

CAPTION: Teens: David, left, and Theodore, the Brothers Kaczynski relax on family's back porch in Chicago.

CAPTION: Outdoors: Theodore stands on Montana tract that he bought for \$2,100 with his brother David.

A critique of his ideas & actions.



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